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has a purpose and an expression. No other hand could add a line without marring the unity and exquisite harmony of his work. Everything that came from the hand of Cheney was a gem, and the drawings he left behind him will be cherished by their possessors as among the choicest treasures of Art. It is pleasant to know that his talent was highly appreciated, and that his labors commanded large and remunerative prices. In his branch of Art, he was certainly without a rival."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Cheney has left behind no records of his observations and study, for the benefit of those to come after him. An artist who could, with his pencil alone, work out such beautiful creations, surely had something to tell about Art which it were well for students to know. In this day of haste and careless execution, the master who reminds of patient labor in detail—who gives to light and shade the study of the philosopher, and to passion and expression the acute dissection of the surgeon—is such as our Art can illy spare; and we, therefore, have to regret the demise of Mr. Cheney as a master, as well as a man and artist. This is not the proper place for a lecture to painters, upon the sin—becoming almost national—of careless study of Nature, and still greater haste in her reproduction: we shall take a future article for the purpose; but we may refer them with pride to Mr. Cheney's life and study, as exemplification of the True in Art, and the Good in Man: Be ye like to him, and your honors shall be worthily won and freely bestowed.

—03—

#### MRS. BROWNING.

THE appearance of a new volume, from the pen of this distinguished poet, sets the literary world all in raptures. The last is her "Aurora Leigh," a novel in verse. It receives the most flattering encomiums of the press. A contemporary journal devotes three columns and a quarter to the work, and scarce finds adjectives admirable enough to do the "poem" justice. It says: "Pure, simple, lively, flexible, it is such verse as no living pen can command in greater perfection." The authoress herself says: "It is the most mature of my works, and the one into which the highest convictions of Life and Art have entered." We are, therefore, prepared, not only for an ex-

quisitely written volume, but for one of the eminent poet's most exquisitely considered productions. With appetite thus whetted, we rush to the feast of reason as the child to the feast of raisins the indulgent mother has spread for it. How are we astonished, amid the many and lengthy passages specially marked by the said journalist critic as the best in the book, to find the following:

"The death of the aunt is a powerful sketch of tragic emotion, recalling to us somewhat, in its incident and the accompanying reflections, the terrific exit of Hawthorne's 'Judge Pyncheon,' in the 'House of the Seven Gables:'

"There she sate, my aunt—  
Bolt upright in the chair beside her bed,  
Whose pillow had no dint! she had used no bed  
For that night's sleeping—yet slept well. My God!  
The dumb derision of that gray, peaked face  
Concluded something grave against the sun,  
Which filled the chamber with its July burst  
When Susan drew the curtains, ignorant  
Of who sate open-eyed behind her. There  
She sate—it sate—we said 'she' yesterday—  
And held a letter with unbroken seal,  
As Susan gave it to her hand last night:  
All night she had held it. If its news referred  
To duchies or to dunghills, not an inch  
She'd budge, 'twas obvious, for such worthless odds  
Nor, though the stars were suns, and overburned  
Their spheric limitations, swallowing up,  
Like wax, their azure spaces, could they force  
Those open eyes to wink once. What last sight  
Had left them blank and flat so—drawing out  
The faculty of vision from the roots,  
As nothing more, worth seeing, remained behind?

We read in mute astonishment! Where is the tragedy in this? It is almost childishly told, and no critic, whose sense of fitness had not been vivid, could have found it a "powerful sketch." What shall we say of such an expression as:

"To duchies or to dunghills,  
Not an inch she'd budge"  
"Had left them blank and flat so"

It may be all in good taste, particularly for a lady, to talk of "dunghills," in connection with the tragedy of death; it may be good rhetoric, in serious passages, to say, "not an inch *she'd budge*;" or it may be the very perfection of pure, flexible iambic verse, to say, "had left them blank and flat so;" but it all seems to us as unpardonably vulgar and inartistic, in one so skilful and exquisite in conception as Mrs. Browning. We only wonder that any good critic, in the discharge of his honest duty, can find it in his way to quote and highly applaud such passages.

Without doubt the volume, "Aurora Leigh," is something very good. It were strange if, in a work of three hundred pages and more, there were not many


weak and ungraceful passages; but, is it the office of the critic to quote such *lapses*, and cry, "lo! a star!" It has become the fashion, if Tennyson should write:

"Lo, a pig!  
See how royally he comes, and rollicky!  
His ribbed proboscis, how gloriously fitted  
For divine economy's great ends.  
Oh, wonderful! Under the pendant gate  
The many-purposed snout is thrust: *Presto!*  
The hinges fly—the pig walks in, and—and—"

and so forth, to call it worthy his high fame; but to us twaddle from Tennyson, or Mrs. Browning, is just as unbearable as twaddle from old Uncle Jobson, and should be so written.

—00—

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

EAR ART JOURNAL:—It is a great era, truly, which can people our city with so much genius as is now gathered within the precincts of the "Seven Hilled City." Almost every nation has sent hither its Art devotees, whose labors serve not only to enrich the attractions of the wonderful place, but also to mark the idiosyncracies which Art assumes when in the keeping of various people. A flying visit from studio to studio, glancing at the works of the English, Italian, German, French, Swedish, Russian, Egyptian, Burman, and Chinese artists—all of whom have spent more or less of the past two years here, in worship of the Angelos, Rafaelles, Da Vincis, Correggios, Titians, which the Church treasures among its most sacred relics—serves to inform the visiter of the truly *cosmopolitan* character of Art, and teach him that worth does not belong to any nation, to any "school," to any individual, but to *all*—in whose breasts the divinity of Genius has her altar. If any critic, or student, is so wedded to local tastes—is a devotee of some contracted "school"—is a stickler for certain attributes and effects—will but come here, "go the rounds," see the works of real merit which come from the hands of the vari-gathered crowd of Artists—each with his own distinctive characteristics—we cannot see how there can any longer be entertained those narrow *sectarian* views of Art which serve so much to estrange painters and to detract from meritorious productions.

If any nation has reason to feel pride in its representatives here, it is the American. We expected to find a few friends here, and to make the acquaintance of several artists who have had a long residence at Rome; but we were not prepared to find a real community of live Yankees whistling the "Star-Spangled Banner" right under the shadow of the Cupola of St. Peter's. Crawford, Miss Hosmer—it is not to be presumed that *she* "whistles," but she does sing like a canary—Page, Chapman, Brown, Bartholomew, Tilton, Akers, Mozier, Ives, Rogers, Terry, Thompson, and many others, are here happily domesticated, accrediting the American name and fame as Powers, Read, and others have done in the more ducal courts of Florence. A finer lot of "good fellows" it is hard to find anywhere. Devoted to Art, they labor with a loving zeal, and not without a high success, as is proven by the lavish compliments bestowed by English and Italian connoisseurs and critics. May they live long, and have a book of richly-paying commissions, as they all deserve! is our earnest wish. We shall never forget their enthusiasm for their profession, nor their kindness to the strange student of humble pretensions, who made their studios his home for many a long-to-be-remembered day.

I should like to write of each artist and sculptor as he (or she) deserves, but it is impossible; first, for the reason of the feeling of delicacy one has of betraying the little information he has won by their generous admission to their studios and portfolios; second, because it is unpleasant to criticise styles, and mannerisms, and execution, when the critic himself is no Ruskin in the mysteries of Art-properties, and his very strictures might betray his ignorance. We shall, therefore, speak of them *en passant*, that the promise to the JOURNAL "to write from Rome" should not be entirely unfulfilled.

With the eminent models before them, of the great masters, the student has a constant stimulus to great works. This, it seems to me, is a great and serious fault, for no artist thinks of anything but what has "high art" for its key. Many of the artists here, when at home, were admirable for delineation and spirit; but, from the presence of the great models; from the desire to emulate; from the criticism of the Italians, who think nothing but Angelo's and Raffaele's; from the

very *presence* of the past, these worthy workers have lost much of their piquant and peculiar characteristics, and are gradually simulating to what is "classical." Every original they attempt almost, is some classical subject. As if the Present, with its wonderful life and action—with tragedies, and comedies, and melodramas, such as the ancient world never knew—was not fitted for delineation! Oh, this everlasting worship of the past is a great humbug! When will an artist learn to cope with the orator and poet by painting *to* the people? and cease to paint *only for* the learned?

Here is Page, one of the best head painters in the world, full of power and originality—his "great feature" this Fall is "Venus on a Dolphin." It is done finely—Venus is as warm and wooing as the ravishing Goddess ought to be, and the surroundings are very effectively wrought; but, it is mythology—it needs an interpreter to the uninitiated, and therefore it is labor lost. Better had the artist seized some present, living theme, some truly worthy *American* subject for the employment of his best powers.

The same may be said of Terry, who can scarcely stop, in his pursuit of the old, to fill an order for a face or composition. His last is a Scripture piece, "The Departure of Tobias with the Angel." This is a truly excellent work. The Italians notice the artist with many little flatteries. His "Painter's Dream of the Graces" is a very poetical conception, lugging in Mythology to complete and give character to the piece. Terry is, without doubt, at his best, and is doing credit to his country, so far as one who never looks to Columbia for a subject can accredit her.

Brown, the landscape painter, is alternating between Claude and his own true genius. Claude triumphs. The artist's greatest aim appears to reproduce, *exactly*, the coloring, grouping, and graces of the pastoral Italian. Why *will* he so lose his own identity—so forget his freedom, and breadth, and touches of grace for the Italian's grotesqueness and foreign spirit? It may be all right, but to us it seems a base desertion of what is Nature for what is caricature and merely simple. We get out of all patience to see so much native worth spent upon the arts of the mere imitator. We had rather have one of his old trees and American meadow scenes, than all his Claude-like imitations.

Chapman is busy in a natural way. He gets a half-dozen outlandish looking Italians, and forthwith reproduces them in *poses*, in his "Roman Peasant Groups." Better, by far, be reproducing the "American Market Groups," for which any small city will furnish subjects to order. Mr. C. will be *best* known as the illustrator of Harper's Bible, so long as he confines his mind to *Italian* subjects. Doubtless he takes the best "sitters" he can get; but, if he wants to delineate peasant life, what need, for mercy's sake, to come to Rome? Any cotton plantation, or out-West corn-field, would give him better material for his pencil.

Mr. Tilton has the fault of Mr. Brown, if fault it is, viz.: that of copying Claude and adapting Titian. His atmospheric effects are *very* fine, his perspective almost faultless—in this respect superior to his master, Claude, whose distances and grouping are sometimes so laughingly incongruous. If Mr. T. would pass a summer on the White Mountains and a winter on the Texan plains, he might become impregnated with the spirit of American scenery, and do something for *popularizing* his name.

Among American sculptors in Rome, Crawford stands first, not so much from the excellence of one great work as for the general excellence of all that he does. One is astonished at the amount of labor he actually bestows on his marbles. His studio is liberally filled with his own works. His "Indian" for the Washington group attracts great attention, not more from its subject than for the grace and real grandeur of the conception. Crawford excels in drapery—no sculptor since Thorwaldsen has wrought with greater success upon covering. Mr. C. is still in the very vigor of middle age manhood, and promises yet rich contributions to American Art. Almost every thing he sells is to Americans, and all his commissions come from his native country.

To our taste, Mr. Mozier executes with more grace in form and feature than his brother artists. He aims not at grandeur, but accomplishes his end by the sweetness and beauty of his conceptions, and the exquisite finish of his work. His "Silence" is one of the best pieces of original work executed in Rome for several years. This is saying much, when it is known that Wolff, the first Prussian artist, and Gibson, her Majesty's favorite, are residents of the "Eternal City."



Other American sculptors, viz.: Rogers, Bartholomew, Ives, Akers, &c., are very busy with commissions from home, and are fast achieving fame and fortune for themselves. Mr. Ives is regarded as a most promising artist. Nor must we forget to mention Miss Hosmer, the Yankee Girl, whose labors with the chisel are now recognized as those of a true genius of Art. She is a close student, a patient laborer, and full of the inspiration of the Masters, and gives promise of acquiring a very honorable position for herself. Many women are painters, and attain to great proficiency, but Miss H. is alone in her profession. We trust she may soon find the recognition she merits. Her "Beatrice Cenci, asleep, the evening before her execution," is pronounced a very successful effort by those who have been permitted to look upon it. We have not yet mustered courage sufficient to invade her studio with our inquisitive glance and Yankee questioning.

I could write you yet several pages concerning Art and Artists here, but must refrain; this "sitting" has been long enough, I infer, for your one hundred thousand readers. I may write again soon, if I conclude not to return to Düsseldorf for the winter.

Wishing you all good success in your highly honorable enterprise of bringing Art before the people,

I am yours, sincerely,

ATELIER.

ROME, ITALY, November, 1856.



The *Journal*, of Syracuse, N. Y., was in ecstasies over the Cosmopolitan paintings, exhibited in that city. It discoursed: "They are the most splendid we have ever seen in this city, or anywhere, and no one can look upon them without being deeply sensible of the superior and masterly skill of the artists whose hands have so closely and naturally transferred the scenes of nature to canvas. We were fairly in ecstasies while looking at them, and the longer we gazed at their beauty, the more we could see to admire and commend. It required something of an effort, on our part, to leave the room." What would have become of our friend had he dropped down into the Galleries of the Association, previous to the just past distribution?

## WILD OATS ABROAD.



DEAR ART JOURNAL:—I promised you, dear D., to write you from over the sea, of what I might do and see in the "far cuntry" of Germany, Italy, and Turkey; and being a person who never plights promise in vain, I here give you my first contribution—perhaps you will hope it shall be my last! If ever a fellow was pleased, it is myself—not with the privilege of writing for the wonderful "our Journal," for that does make me feel a little "skeered;" but I have laughed ever since I arrived at Havre. First, when the steamer came into dock, one morning, we opened our eyes upon "la belle France," and such a France! There were old sheds, so musty, the dust looked gray on the roofs; and the little smoky old men and women—well, they looked as much like snuff-bladders or Bologna sausages, for legs, as anything else. I commenced laughing there, and have not got over it yet. I have had what us boys call a "good time" generally. The very first day the Garçon, at my eating house, broke his shins in trying to kick me for a ha! ha! over what I called *dog-soup*; and since then I have had such a series of peculiar experiences, that I have no prospect of being *soberly* convalescent for the next six months.

When we landed, "all hands" had to fork-over trunk keys, and the "scrub fee," which means a gold dollar to the official, to let you off easy on any cigars, Colt's revolvers, and New-York Tribunes you may chance to have among your traps. As my luggage consisted chiefly of a felt hat; a pair of studio pantaloons, well daubed with the green and brown of my landscapes, which "beat nature all to pieces" in more ways than one; a yellow silk cravat, with spots of dark, supposed to be finger spots of lamp-black; several pairs of *holy* stockings, to wear in Rome, during Holy Week; and a few shirts, which a French seamstress would have considered a miracle of art, each bosom being ornamented with one of my immaculate landscapes: as this was all my "baggage," I was allowed to pass—I must say it—under a *very* close scrutiny from the Custom-House cormorants, who

really mistook me for an Indian or Arab, they could not say which. Putting my passport in the hands of the man in golden epaulettes, I had time to eye him; and when the pass was properly returned *vised*, I marched off, whistling the *Marseillaise*. The astonishment of the officials was complete, and they put their heads together, wondering what manner of man is that. Once in France, and free of the "Customers," I said "Here's for it!" and so have had a jolly time all around.

"*Sans raison!*" muttered the Garçon, as I took from the soup what appeared to be worms, and laid them out on the board, to use my eye-glass upon them. The little Frenchman was horror-struck, and only smiled when I laid my half franc on the table. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I blew a regular Indian yahoo; the Frenchman dropped his waiter, tumbled over a bench, and rushed out of doors, evidently to alarm the police. I concluded it was time for the Paris train, and so took up my *traps* and moved. I did not see any pictures in Havre!

"I arrived in Paris duly," as Napoleon said to the French army, after his run from Marseilles and Elbe, preparatory to Waterloo; and, like my great predecessor, I did not know what to do with myself after I "arrived." I laid my carpet-bag upon a shelf in the Porter's Lodge of the Hotel "La Bedbug," as I know it should be called; and then I "tramped" to see the sights. For days I did nothing else but *parlez vous Français*; but made such poor progress, that when the cigar girl talked of "*le salle à manger*," I thought she told me her name was Sally a Manager. Oh, the scrapes I got into by my inquisitive propensities! Nobody but my cigar girl appreciated me. She said to a gruff fellow, who didn't like my grin at his expense, "*J'aime ce charmant jeune homme*," and forthwith I fell in love with her, and so saw into a good many little mysteries. Oh, how the time flew! and not a gallery visited! What would my Aunt Jacobina say if she knew how I was "pursuing my studies abroad!"

But I made my exit, finally, from the city, leaving the Tuilleries, St. Germain, and all behind, at a 2.40 pace. It happened thus: one day, as I was making my way to the Palace, to study some Davids, and a new canvas by Delaroche, just exposed, I was passed by a troop of splendidly mounted horsemen, forming a